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Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, February 5th, 1890.—No. 674.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY is defining its policy in an uncommonly practical and straightforward manner. It is a policy which certainly was not foreshadowed in its platform of two years ago. Let us quote a few lines from that platform:

"We reaffirm our unwavering devotion to the national Constitution and to the indissoluble union of the States; to the autonomy reserved to the States under the Constitution; to the personal rights and liberties of citizens in all the States and Territories in the Union, and especially to the supreme and sovereign right of every lawful citizen, rich or poor, native or foreign born, white or black, to cast one free ballot in public elections and to have that ballot duly counted. We hold the free and honest popular ballot and the just and equal representation of all the people to be the foundation of our republican government, and demand effective legislation to secure the integrity and purity of elections, which are the fountains of all public authority."

Thus says the platform, in beautiful, big words and fine rounded sentences. But when the actual policy of the Republican party comes to be defined, the definition is in terse and homely Saxon. The integrity and purity of elections, which, as the platform justly observes, are the "fountains of all public authority," is secured in Indiana, for instance, by the use of the same "soap" which proved useful and effective in 1880, and by dividing the "floaters" into "blocks of five." In New York the fountains were kept clear and unpolluted by a strictly private arrangement with the present Governor of the State. By these means the "free and honest popular ballot" defeated the presidential candidate who had 100,476 "national" plurality, and put a Republican President in office. The arrangement in New York required no lofty language to describe it. It was known in the simple language of the people as a "deal."

Since their accession to office, the Republicans have "reaffirmed their unwavering fidelity to the national constitution," to "the personal rights and liberties of citizens," and shown how firmly they hold "just and equal representation of all the people" to be "the foundation of our Republican government," by offering to Congress a system of "New Rules," by which the Democratic minority is practically excluded from its fair share in the proceedings of the House of Representatives; and also by introducing a charming piece of legislation known as the "McKinley Customs Administration Bill." This broad and liberal measure is designed to protect the "rights and liberties of citizens," by denying to the importer who asserts he has been wronged by the Custom House the right of appeal to the usual judicial authorities.

The policy thus simply and succinctly indicated, of denying all rights to a minority representation that really represents a plurality of the people; of substituting frank and open corruption for the "popular ballot;" of mulcting one class of business-men for another that can be relied upon to contribute to the support of the party — this policy is really Napoleonic in its way. But it must be remembered that this is a bad country for Napoleons. They flourish better in the air of Europe. And even there, as we must not forget, it is characteristic of Napoleons that they rarely acquire the habit of dying in their imperial residences. The fact is, the American people will not have Napoleons. And when the American people understand — as they will before long, if this plain exhibition of the new policy goes on — that the Republican party leaders aim at the establishment of a permanent autocracy among themselves, and a virtual nullification of every principle of popular suffrage and equal rights, those complacent leaders will probably find out that there are a few million Republicans outside of the United States Congress, the Protected Industries, and the other departments of the public crib, who prefer the old safeguards of freedom to the honor of being governed by Mr. Benjamin Harrison, Mr. T. B. Reed, Mr. T. C. Platt, and the genial president (in fact, though not in name) of the U. S. Senate Club, Mr. G. F. Edmunds.

The recent assembly of the New York Presbytery has excited widespread interest among laymen, and caused more general amusement, in

a quiet way, than any entertainment which has of late been brought to the attention of the public. The spectacle of a select party of clerical gentlemen gravely gathering and meeting together in the Scotch Church in West Fourteenth Street, to decide how many of their fellow-creatures have been damned, are damned, or are likely to be damned, is one that may make the judicious grieve, but is certainly calculated to make the heedless and scoffing majority of the civilized public smile.

* * * * *

But, while we must not deny to these gentlemen the right to discuss any question that may interest them, we may fairly ask them to excuse us — the debates being held in public — if we are moved to comment upon some of their more thrilling utterances. The layman may not be much of an authority upon the willingness of the Supreme Being to torture and destroy His children; but he certainly has an interest in such questions, being, as a layman, much more likely than any of the gentlemen in the Scotch Church in West Fourteenth Street to turn up among the elect damned, rather than among the elect saved. May he not, then, express his admiration at the progressive and courageous spirit in which the Presbytery has dealt with the subject of Infant Damnation?

* * * * *

It is true, there was some difference of opinion among the reverend gentlemen as to the precise meaning of the Creed upon this important point; but the weight of opinion appeared to be that the Creed had erroneously and upon false premises damned a large number of infants since the latter part of the sixteenth century, who really ought to have been saved from the natural consequences of their deep and desperate sins. Still, a doubt remains as to the exact intention of that venerable instrument, and, in the face of that awful doubt, it is beautiful to see the Reverend Doctor Van Dyke rising up to say:

"I intend to teach that there are no infants in Hell, no limit to God's love; that there is salvation opened to all mankind, and that no man is punished but for his own sin. Is that Calvinism? Before God, I don't know or care! It is Christianity!"

* * * * *

Hear, ye nations! Hear, Israel, hear! Was ever such dauntless courage? Where now is that Patrick Henry who cried: "If this be treason, make the most of it!" Where that Ajax who took the chances of the lightning's striking him, and addressed the elements in a tone of manly independence? Blot out their names from History's page, and write instead the name of Van Dyke as the type and symbol of dauntless defiance! It is true that, in this day and generation, any man who believes that the souls of dead babies are tortured in Hell is generally regarded as fit, not for the pulpit, but for a solitary cell in an insane asylum, where his depraved and morbid mind can exercise no bad influence over his fellow-maniacs. But think of the possibility that John Calvin, of Picardy, might have thought that infants were so tortured, and honor the heroism of Dr. Van Dyke!

* * * * *

Ah, it is laughable, of course; but, if you have the spirit of a man in you, even as you laugh, your blood heats at the thought that educated and intelligent men can go through the solemn farce of discussing a hideous proposition, made in the dark ages and long ago set out of the pale of rational consideration by every sane man, not only as something absurd and irrational, but as something wicked, cruel, un-Christian, irreligious, wholly and inexcusably false and bad.



RIGHT IN THE SWIM.

JIMMY.—Wat 's dat?
SWOKES.—Rattles don't have much fun, so I'm givin'
him a high-toned perches up the Avernyer.

SOME POEMS.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A smiling dame,
Unknown to fame,
Yet saucy, sweet and fair,
Stood chatting to a girlhood's "flame,"
Now gray, in beard and hair.

He urged some plan,
And eager ran
The gamut of its pleasures;
As oft before, they gaily scan
A day of brimming measures.

"If we can go,
Pray, let me know,"
She said, "the hour of starting!"
"How can I—let you—let you know?"
(With hat in hand) at parting.

A rising sigh,
A kindling eye;
Vexation, (though she hid it)—
"When we were young"—she made reply,
"You never asked—you did it!"

Cora Stuart Wheeler.



AN ASTRONOMICAL SOIRÉE.

FIRST? I thought she'd spurn
The advances of $\text{\textcircled{h}}$,
But $\text{\textcircled{f}}$ told her "no"—
To join with him and rare *
In dancing down the middle
While $\text{\textcircled{g}}$ played the fiddle,
Old $\text{\textcircled{d}}$ got mad,
And said 't was very sad
That $\text{\textcircled{f}}$ had no show;
Then $\text{\textcircled{e}}$, not very slow,
Though flustered, and beside his
Friend, jumped by Miss $\text{\textcircled{f}}$,
And said that he would like a
Turn with roguish $\text{\textcircled{d}}$.
The soirée held till noon,
Quite full got the $\text{\textcircled{o}}$;
And when the thing was done,
"Just quit!" said the old $\text{\textcircled{d}}$.

H. S. Keller.



AN ARIZONA INDUSTRY.

Buck? Him? Why, he wud n't be ketched dead
A-doin' uv no sech bronco trick!
Peacef'lies' hoss that yo' ll run across
In twenty year, is thet Buckskin Dick?
Jes' right f'r an Eastern chap like yo'—
He rides ez smooth ez a rock'n'-cha'r.
Forty? Thet's right. Is them cinches tight?
Pete, hold his head while the gent mounts thar.
(Leggo!) Dick, wot 're yo' good for? HUMP!
Bully! Dead-centered the moon, *thet* aim!
We'll jump the town afore he comes down—
'N' jes' forty ahead o' the game!

Chas. F. Lummis.



ENCORE.

ONCE MORE I stand upon Manhattan's shore:
I hear the ferryboats belch forth, once more,
Unearthly shrieks and yells, in fierce uproar.
Encore, encore—

I have been there before.

Once more I stand upon Manhattan's shore:
Twelve bootblacks collar me: "Shine?!" What a bore!
"Telegram, World, Sun?!!!" Sirs, seek ye my gore?
Encore, encore—

I have been there before.

Once more I stand upon Manhattan's shore:
The genial clerk sends me to the tenth floor,
Up, 'neath the skies. Great Ceasar, how they snore!
Encore, encore—

I have been there before.

Once more I stand upon Manhattan's shore:
The song-and-dance soubrette smiles evermore,
Ah's me! the self-same smile she smote of yore!
Encore, encore—

I have been there before.

Black murky night creeps o'er Manhattan's shore:
What cheerful light beams from yon half screened door?
We won't go home till morning; we've struck ore—
Encore, encore—

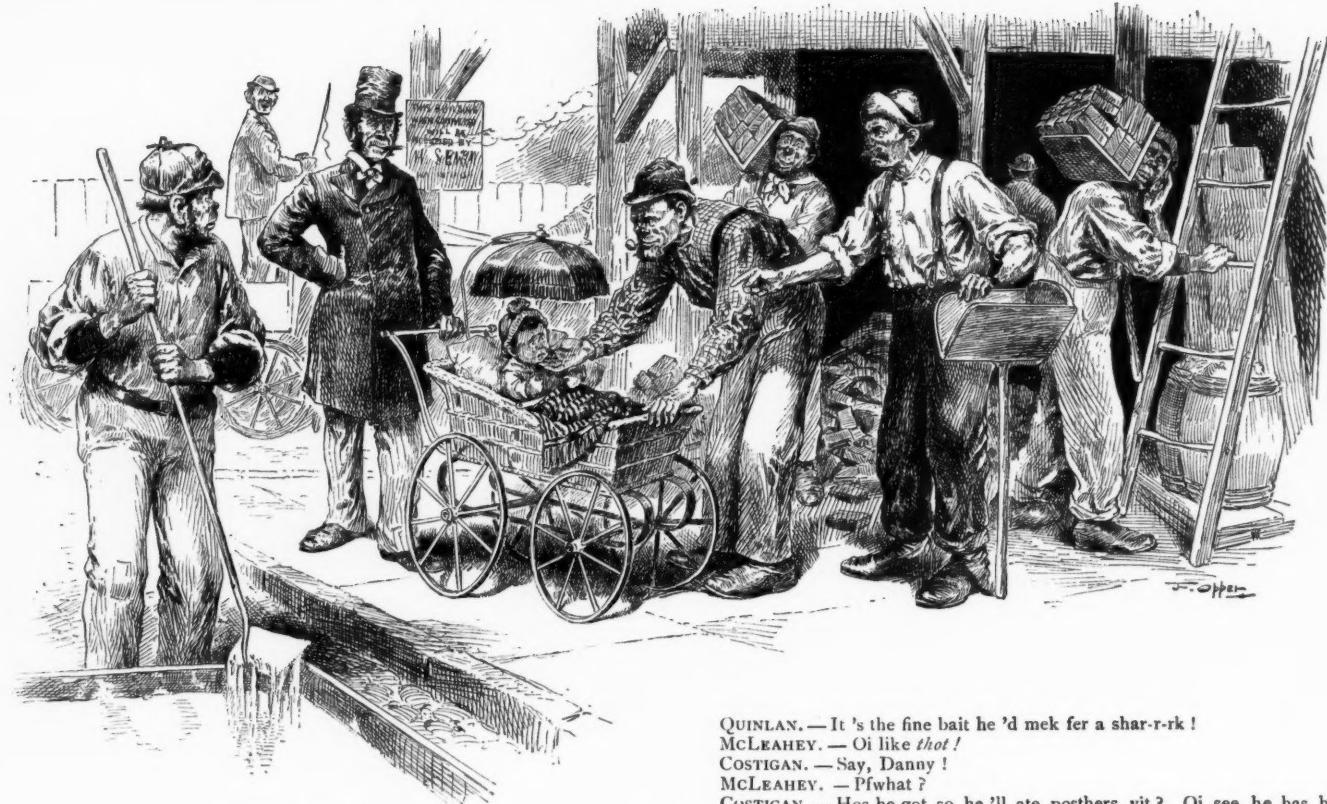
I have been there before.

Once more I leave thee, loved Manhattan's shore:
I'll build the fire, rock baby, tend the store,
Sleep neath the sermon, flirt with maids galore—
Encore, encore—

I have been there before.

Snipper Dolling.





MCLEAHEY'S FIRST.

MCLEAHEY. — Oi tuk a day aff' to show yez him, byes.

QUINLAN. — Powers o' mud ! but it's th' great little felly. Whin are yez goin' t' clip th' ears av him ?

COSTIGAN. — They don't nade it. They're shcalloped. Oi did n't know yez ould 'ooman wor an Eyetalian, Danny !

MCLEAHEY. — Go an wid yure fun ; thot's right !

CASSIDY. — Be lookin' clost Oi'm av th' belafe that wan av his eyes is shlate-color an' th' other white.

KEAGAN. — Yure color-bhlind. Sure th' windies av him is th' only rale Oirish mar-r-rk he has. They do be grane.

QUINLAN. — It's the fine bait he'd mek fer a shar-r-rk !

MCLEAHEY. — Oi like that !

COSTIGAN. — Say, Danny !

MCLEAHEY. — Pfwhat ?

COSTIGAN. — Hos he got so he'll ate posthers yit ? Oi see he has hor-r-rns shtartin'.

CASSIDY. — D'yez mind th' fine flat head he has behind it. He'll be shpakin' Ditch soon.

KEAGAN (*in a loud whisper*). — Th' ooman thot'd marry Dan McLeahey deserves all th' throuble she gits.

MCLEAHEY. — Av yez hov looked him over enough, Oi tink Oi'll tek him home fer his dinner.

QUINLAN. — Look out he don't fall aff his per-r-rch, an' shtrain th' waist av him wid his shtrap whin yez are feedin' him.

(**MCLEAHEY departs with the accompaniment of chorus.**) —

“Av Oi hod a brat like that,
Oi'd whack him wid a bat.”

RANDOM REMARKS.

THE GLARE of publicity is like the glare of ice, Claudius. Walk very carefully when you reach it, or you will slip.

A STOVE-PIPE — The Song of the Kettle.

NECESSITY IS THE mother of invention, but many inventions are orphans.

ENVY IS THE dividend of success.

THE HARDEST BLOW truth ever receives is when a liar speaks it.

MANY A MAN has railed against the influence of wine and woman, when he only meant whiskey, and a similar quality of — humanity.

IT LOOKS AS IF the City of the Dead was electri — City.

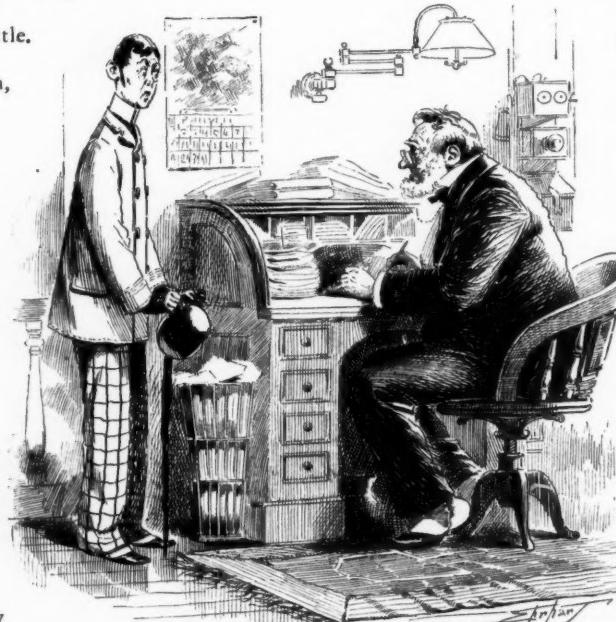
THE AXIS OF “The 400’s” world is a society journal.

“WHAT’S NEW, to-day?” “Nothing but the date.”

IF EXPERIENCE IS SO GREAT a teacher, why do we speak of a “green” old age ?

OVER THE WAY — Sidewalk Obstructions.

ACCORDING TO the philosophy of the modern dude, Vasco da Gama was a fool in doubling the Cape when he was about to get into a warmer latitude.



A SEND-OFF OR A STAND-OFF.

PARKLY SAUNTERS. — I—I—I want your daughter, sir, to be my wife.

OLD DUKKETS. — Wait a year !

PARKLY. — It's a long time to wait, sir !

DUKKETS. — Oh, I don't mean for you to wait here. Call again in about a year.

CURRENT COMMENT.

IT IS WORTHY of remark that an oyster never gets into a broil while he's in liquor.

PRESIDENT HARRISON evidently thinks that the man who said, “Turn about is fair play” must have had a cold in his head, and was trying to say, “Turn ‘em out is fair play.”

THE MAN who tackled a fish of that sort, said he did n't wonder it was called eel — ectricity.

THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS says, in his “Music and Morals,” that music can not definitely express emotion, but can arouse it. Any one who has lived next door to a piano knows that this is true.

THE BOY who offered to lend his father his skate strap to punish him with, had some excuse for borrowing the old man's jack-knife to carve his name on the piano.

WHEN A WOMAN has n't a real seal-skin, she makes an imitation go as fur as possible.

THE LADY who liked veal but shuddered at the moans of the dying calf, finds her parallel in the aristocrat who hugs the high tariff to his bosom with hooks of steel while he mourns on the sad state that free-trade would bring to the workman.



THE REFORMATION OF CHARLES.

IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES.
MRS. PETERS, Mother to CHARLES.
A VISITOR.

Act I.—SCENE: Drawing-room of Mrs. PETERS's house.
TIME: 4:00 p. m.

Mrs. PETERS.—Oh, yes, you don't know how gratified I feel at the way Charles is getting on. You know I've always been a little worried about him — not that the dear boy was really *fast*, or any thing of that kind, you know; but, of course, he's young and thoughtless — and you know how easy it is for a boy of his temperament to go just a little too far — don't you understand? And Charles is *so* popular among his young friends, and *so* fond of gayety — oh, you know how a mother feels!

THE VISITOR.—But Charles never gave you any cause for anxiety, did he?

Mrs. PETERS.—Well, I would have wished to see him just a little more serious. But he *has* changed so much within the last month or two. I don't know whether you've noticed it, but he *never* misses a Sunday at church.

THE VISITOR, (*smiling*).—Yes, I think Charles's regular attendance at church has been generally remarked.

Mrs. PETERS.—I'm *so* glad. It will encourage the dear boy *so* much to know that people take an interest in him. And then, do you know, he's given up going to his poker club? I never *did* like that poker club.

THE VISITOR.—Poker is an expensive luxury.

Mrs. PETERS.—And then he's entirely given up drinking. Not that he ever did drink much — but now he won't even take a glass of wine with his dinner.

THE VISITOR.—Drinking wine is another costly habit.

Mrs. PETERS.—And smoking — he has n't smoked a cigar in six weeks. And, do you know, he is really saving up money. He has n't said any thing to me about it, the dear boy, but I happen to know that he has quite a lot of money in the bank. So nice for a young man, don't you know!

THE VISITOR.—Charles will be in a position to marry, soon.

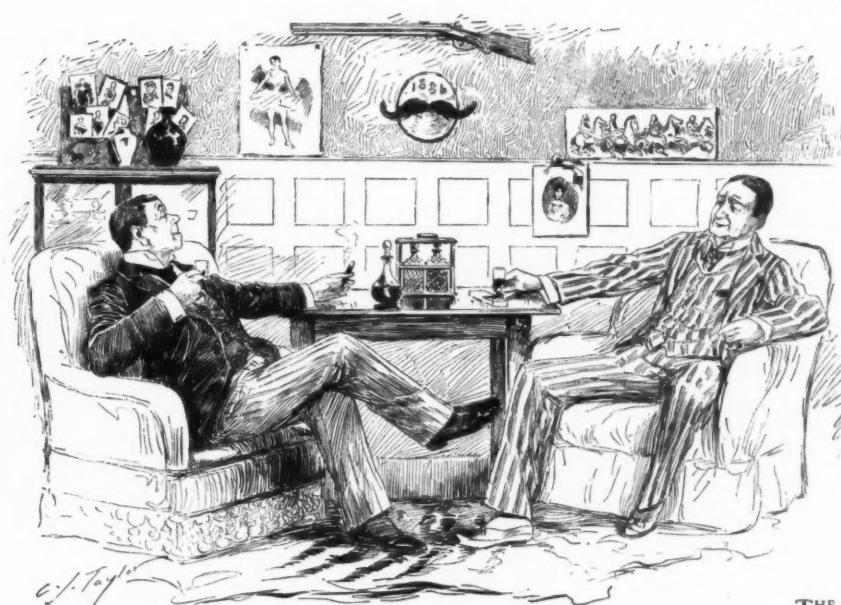
Mrs. PETERS.—Oh, if I could only see him married to a good, sensible, economical girl with a sound religious training, I could fold my hands, and die happy!

Act II.—SCENE: Sidewalk in front of Mrs. PETERS's house.

TIME: 4:15 p. m.

THE VISITOR (*entering from house*).—Oh, Charles, is that you? I've just been making such a delightful call on your mother, and you don't know what pleasant things she has been saying about you. You must have been a very good boy lately, Charles.

CHARLES (*blowing in his key*).—The Mater's pleased, is she?



A MEMENTO.

SEARS.—Mountain sheep horns, Percy?

BRIMMER.—No, not exactly. It's a moustache I raised and wore when I was ranching in Nebraska a year or two ago.



BOWERY ACCOMMODATION.

McWHATEY (*the waiter*).—Did youse order soup?

ORLOFF (*the Russian*).—I didsk.

McWHATEY.—Well, Sor, th' boss says if it'll aise youanny aitin' it, you can wrap yure lips 'round th' shpakin' tube, an' he'll pour it down from th' room above us.

Well, I'm mighty glad. I was feeling pretty nervous; but I guess it's all right.

THE VISITOR.—Why, what's the matter?

CHARLES.—Well, I don't suppose that I ought to say any thing about it before I speak to her — but — but — well, I was just going to tell her that — in fact, that I'm engaged to Miss De Vowt — you know her, I think — you've seen me with her in church once or twice.

THE VISITOR (*smiling*).—At least once or twice, Charles.

CHARLES (*blushing*).—Well, of course —

THE VISITOR.—I congratulate you with all my heart, Charles. She is a sweet pretty girl, and what's more, she's a sensible, good girl, and she will make you a good wife. Your mother was just telling me how happy she would be if you could marry just such a girl.

Act III.—SCENE: Sidewalk in front of Mrs. PETERS's house.

TIME: 4:20 p. m.

THE VISITOR (*suddenly returning*).—Oh, Charles, is that you? I've come back for my umbrella. I must have left it in the hall. But what are you doing out here?

CHARLES.—I'm just walking up and down, waiting for the cyclone to blow over.

THE VISITOR.—What cyclone?

CHARLES.—I just told my mother that I was engaged to be married, and she told me I was an ingrate and an unprincipled wretch, and an unnatural son. I guess you'd better not go in just now. Stay out here with me a while, won't you? It's cold, but it's quiet.

À TORT ET À TRAVERS.

He stole a kiss from an artless miss:

"You're a heartless thief," quoth she.
"I'm a 'heartless thief,' but you're the thief
That stole my heart," saith he.



THE YOUNG MAN who "wondered what that foreign vessel was," when he saw a Revenue-cutter with its up-and-down-stripes, should not be derided. What sort of home-craft is the vessel whose mission is to see that a very much over-due tax is laid on home comfort?

EFFUSIVENESS EXPLAINED.



PHELIM (the tramp).— May all th' blessin's av hiven rist on yure head, an' may th' saints be asther takin' care av you, Sor, fer th' fine, good-nated purty gentleman — (*and so forth*).



MR. ENSTROM.— I struck the most grateful old duffer, down on the corner, you ever saw. I gave him a penny, and he thanked me till I was clear out of hearing.

MRS. ENSTROM.— Did you leave my half-eagle to be marked for the bangle ?

MR. ENSTROM.— Great Snakes ! I believe I gave it to the tramp.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.



"**E**LEPHONE, telegraph, railroad, steamboat," said the man who never went home, laying down his newspaper, and looking at nothing in particular with a deeply contemplative air. "Now, don't it seem wonderful that all the ages of the world, so far, them things bin layin' useless 'n' undiscovered till the present age, an', I mought almost say, generation, brung 'em to the front? It would look to me that there must be a new power of some kind inaugerrated, 'n' stirrin' up, 'n' where it's goin' to stop? — that's the question! All the time human bein's hev exist, they ain't arrive at no real convenience fer livin' until now. They bin crawlin' 'round the face of the 'arth in caravans 'n' on cambels 'n' into stage coaches — paddlin' about in kinnoes, 'n' sailin' at the mercy of the blowin' wind, jes' as if time were n't of no 'arthly value."

"Now, would it seem that the stupidity of man hev prevent electricity 'n' sech accommodations from bein' discovered, or that they ain't heretofore exist? That's what puzzle me. For my part, I don't see where the thing are goin' to stop. 'N' as fur as I kin observe," pursued the man who never went home, tipping his arm-chair back to the exact angle requisite for perfect ease, "it appear, with all the arrangements for savin' time, people don't begin to *hev* as much time as they used to *hev*. We're allers in a hurry. The days ain't long enough. We ain't got the leisure to *think* that raytional bein's require to *hev*."

"That's so," said the man from East Branston, "Some folks ain't got time to do any thing but rush 'round here, to Hyke's tavern, of a mornin', 'n' stay till the shettters is put up at night. Sech people got to fly 'round lively, to get through the day's work, now, I tell you!"

"But whether we *ain't* got hold of a onnatural boom," continued the man who never went home, in unmoved accents, "that can't last, 'n' got to sink us back to where we bin before, that's the point in my mind. If this are simply progress, why, it got to keep straight on — but, where'll it fetch up? 'N' why do it come with sech a sweepin' power, all at once, 'n' in so many different directions? Blizzards is a recent invention; cyclones, reg'lar ones, on'y come sence I kin remember, 'n' earthquakes — every year is addin' new features to them. I tell you, improvements is grand idee; but there's sech a thing as hevin' too many of em; Makes a man feel like sayin' to the human race: 'Here, haul up! Don't get *too* intelligent. Jes' drop on yerself; don't be so very fresh! Remember there's ages to come that got to *hev* some show!'"

"Ages to come?" repeated the man from East Branston, contemptuously; "who cares for the ages to come? Let 'em look out fer themselves. They ain't lookin' out much for *us*, I notice."

"I pity you, Eph," said the man who never went home, slowly and thoughtfully. "Eph, I pity you; it's sech men as you that leaves posterity where it is."

"Posterity is just where it belongs," said Eph, irreverently. "Let it stay there. I ain't helpin' any to haul it out of its place. Posterity got, a blame sight, the head start of *us*. We can't never catch up to it — that's what's the matter!"

"Eph," was the calmly tolerant response after a moment's silence, "I ain't sayin' nothin' about reasonin' powers; I ain't sayin' nothin' about intelligence. I shell merely state this remark — let us leave this subjeck lay. You're a man I kin drink with 'n' kin smoke with 'n' play a hand with, if it come that way; but you're a man I can't argy with. No, Eph, 'n' specially onto points that require judgement. Let us leave this subjeck lay, 'n' take a cigar."

Madeline S. Bridges.



IMPENDING DANGER.

MR. WAYTON.— Is the ice perfectly safe?

POND-KEEPER.— Sure the oice is safe enough, Sor; but, faix, I hev me doubts for the payul if yez goes on it.

WHEN THE WALKS ARE SLICK.



WHEN THE WALKS are ice and the streets aglare,
I slip and slide along,
Without a fear and without a care
A-humming my school-day song.

I skate, and I slide on my old, old feet,
And I feel in greatest glee;
My blood grows fleet at its old time heat,
And my youth comes back to me.

So I gayly slip o'er the frozen mud,
And I slide o'er the icy lea,
But when I come down with a dull, dull thud—
Then my age comes back to me.

Homer Bassford.

MID-OCEAN OPPORTUNITIES.

JORDAN.—There ought to be some pretty good skating on the Atlantic this Winter.

MARSH.—Nonsense!

JORDAN.—Why, have n't you heard that some ships had six inches of ice on their decks?

MOTION NOT MADE.

PRESIDENT COLORED PROGRESS CLUB.—Gemens! I hears dat Ginerel Biggun is aggertatin' a project ter send de culled population to Arfrica, an' it's my opinyun dat we shud call in a body on Ginerel Biggun an' demand his reasons.

SECRETARY.—Mr. President, I reckon dat would n't do us no good. He'd only show us a new padlock what he bought dis arternoon. That padlock, Mr. President an' gemmen, am fo' his chicken-coop.

CORRECT IN THEORY.

MRS. MUDDLETON (to MR. MUDDLETON, who has been reading the newspaper aloud).—There, that about Foraker shows what I was saying the other day, that Shakspere is sometimes prophetic.

MR. MUDDLETON.—How so?

MRS. MUDDLETON.—Why, don't you know what Cardinal Wolsey says about the ward politician? "And when he falls, he falls like Foraker, buttered side down."

WHAT NEXT?

BELL.—Well, Mr. Edison, what startling thing are you at work on now?

EDISON.—An Electrical Expert that knows something about electricity.

BELL.—Wonderful! You are indeed a wizard.

SIXTEEN PHYSICIANS were made members of a prominent German society of Brooklyn last month. It is expected that the current month will show a large accession of undertakers.



A COMING LITERARY FEAST.

CLERK.—Going to remain long in this country?

GUEST (just arrived from steamer).—Ah, about a fortnight, I fahncy. I just ran over to gahther materials for a book I'm going to write on "America and the Americans."

GOOD NEWS.

FIRST TREMBLING CHICAGO MAN.—Any—any more failures?

SECOND TREMBLING CHICAGO MAN.—Oh, it's awful! Houses busting up everywhere; banks breaking all around; everybody paralyzed! Never saw such a panic!

THIRD CHICAGO MAN (rushing up joyfully).—Good news, boys!

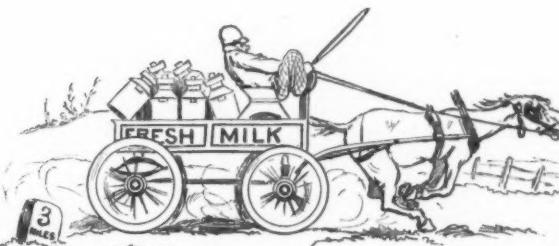
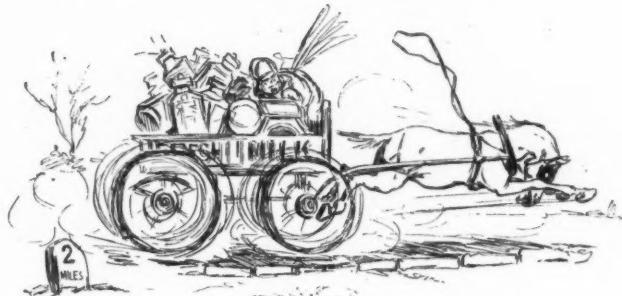
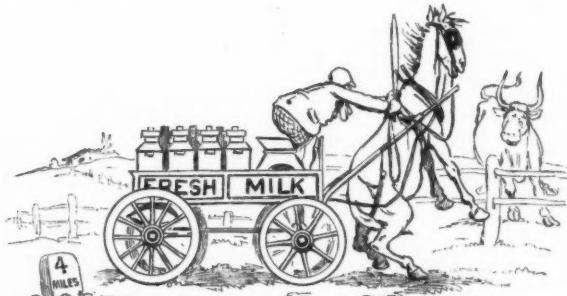
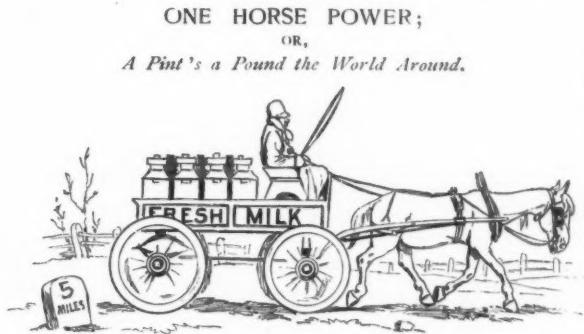
It was all a mistake. It ain't true!

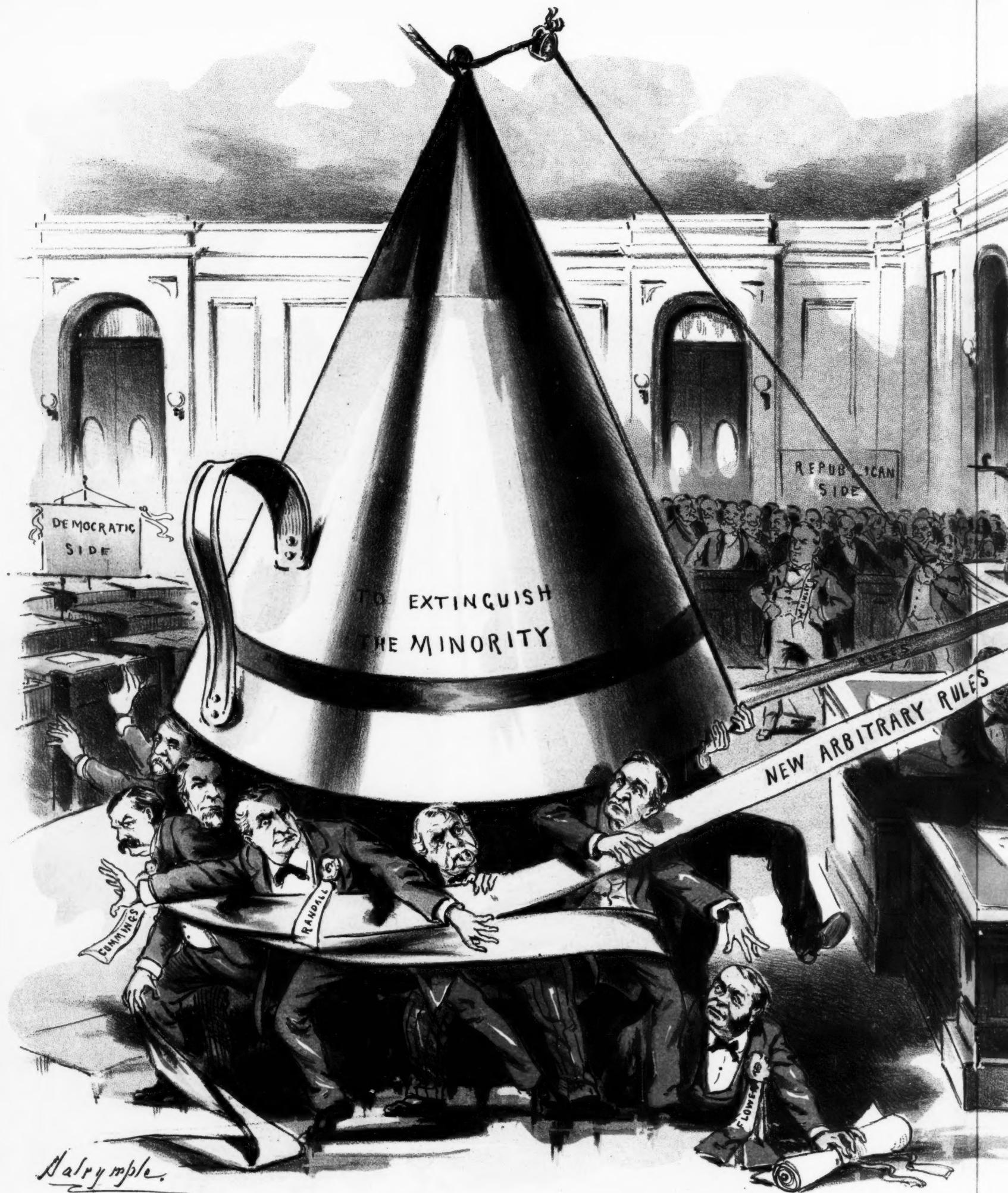
THE OTHERS.—Eh? Wha—?

THIRD CHICAGO MAN (gleefully).—

"T ain't so at all. The report that Chicago had got the World's Fair, and we'd all have to pay up our subscriptions, turns out to be false, and everybody has resumed business; the banks have opened again and every thing is moving along just the same as before!"

WHILE THE authorities are putting all the wires underground, could n't they be induced to include all the piano wires, too?





"THE MINORITY"

UCK.



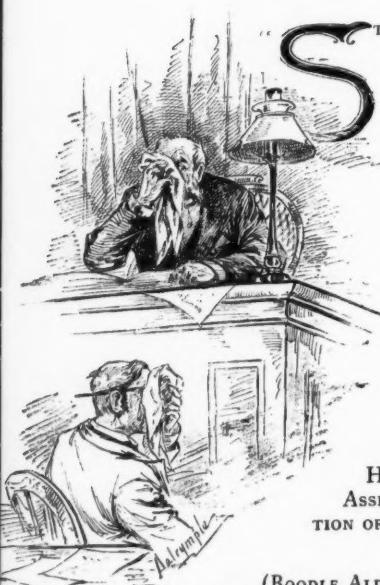
J.Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLDG N.Y.

ORITY BE D—D!"

SOBS.

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair."

COURT OF PARTICULAR SESSIONS.



PART I.

STUFF" LEARY, of the Whyo Gang, is arraigned for sentence.)

THE COURT (visibly affected).—Prisoner, the duty which devolves on me is a most unpleasant one.

STUFF (taking from his pocket a mouchoir, which has seen cleaner days).—Your Honor does not feel a bit worse than I do.

THE COURT (wiping its eyes).—To an ignorant mind, an assault on a Mott Street grocer, coupled with the larceny of seven hams, may seem a trivial thing; but the jury have rendered a verdict against you, and I must seclude you from temptation for four years. (*The court is unable to proceed.*)

STUFF.—Boo, hoo, hoo!

HIS LAWYER.—Boo, hoo, hoo!

ASSISTANT-DISTRICT ATTORNEY and DELEGATION OF WHYOS.—Sniffle, sniffle, sniffle!

PART II.

(BODDLE ALDERMAN McGRAV to the bar.)

THE CLERK (bravely struggling to keep a rigid upper lip).

—Have you any thing to say before sentence is passed?

PRISONER.—Your Honor, if I had had the least idea that I would go to Sing Sing, I never would have taken Mr. Brybe's money. (*Weeps.*) Indeed, I did n't know I would be found out. Let me off this time, and I will never enter the Board again. Consider my family. (*Sits down and pours a deluge of tears into the waste-basket.*)

THE FAMILY.—Boo, hoo, hoo!

CRIER (as a matter of course).—Boo, hoo, hoo!

(FOREMAN and JURY faint. Sentence deferred.)

PART III.

(After much difficulty a jury is found hard-hearted enough to try "PLUG" McGONIGLE for murder.)

LAWYER POWWOW (for prisoner).—Your Honor, we admit that our unhappy client brained his partner with a hammer, chopped the body up with a table-knife, and scattered the pieces over a vacant lot. But Mr. McGonigle is a kind father and a loving husband. (*Pauses to wipe away his tears.*) He never stole any thing, and close confinement disagrees with him. Let the grief of his wife and family plead for him. (*Weeps.*)

POWWOW and PUMMEL'S CLERK.—Boo, hoo, hoo!

PRISONER.—Boo, hoo, hoo!

(The OFFICIAL STENOGRAPHER falls in a fit, and the court adjourns to await the result of his illness.)

CROWD (in the corridors, who could not get in to witness the affecting scene).—Boo, hoo, hoo!

JOSEPH ELDRIDGE ESRAY.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

MRS. MARCHMANT.—Why, Jane, where are all the young ladies? I thought I heard them come in an hour ago.

JANE.—So you did, Mem; they'd been to the cooking school, Mem, and the three of them's been down in the kitchen ever since, bilin' a egg, Mem.

THE ONLY WAY to be happy on five hundred a year, is to live on four hundred and ninety-nine.

FROM THE DASH Anglo-maniacs are cutting, one would naturally consider this British America.

"BANJO" is a corruption of "bandore." We always thought it simply a corruption of music-melody.

PUCK.

GOT THE PLACE.

MISS HARDSENSE.—I see you advertise for a saleslady.

MR. QUICKSALES.—Yes, Madam, you are the fifty-seventh applicant, and the position is still vacant. You will not do.

MISS HARDSENSE.—Oh, but I don't want a position as saleslady.

MR. QUICKSALES.—You don't?

MISS HARDSENSE.—No; but I would like to get a job as saleswoman.

MR. QUICKSALES.—Sit right down. James, take the lady's name, and put her down for twenty-five dollars a week.



IT LACKED "IMPROVEMENT."

MR. DE BOOM (from Kansas City).—An' you call that piece o' meat a beefsteak, eh?

WAITER.—Yes, sah.

MR. DE BOOM.—Well, you jus' take it back. You hain't had time 'nuff to pound it with the hatchet yet, let alone fryin' it!

NO WONDER religious faith is declining. What chance can Adam have in a world which snubs the man who has no grandfather?

BEESENEN WAS stone-deaf during the latter part of his life. But he had a good ear for music just the same.

"MAMA," SAID a little girl, gazing for the first time on a dude in motion, "how bow-legged that man's arms are!"

THE MAN who takes a little for his stomach's sake should know that the value of the specific depends upon absolute obedience to the quantity prescribed.

IN CHINA the Crown Derby is supposed to be the correct head gear.

AS "EXTEMPORE" means "off-hand," why would not that be a good name for a buzz-saw?

IT IS 'NT always the good fortune of those who "marry in haste" to "repent at leisure."

A LITTLE BOY recently astonished the class in natural history by including the "paramount" in the cat family.

PHILADELPHIA MAY BE behind the times; but that Justice who fined four young men recently, for perpetrating the "white horse" joke, deserves a New York residence.



REGULAR PATRON (as NEW CONDUCTOR comes along).—Commutation.

NEW CONDUCTOR.—All right, sir.

Fine mornin'. (*To KEEGINS.*) Ticket!

FRAYED KEEGINS (the tramp).—

Compretation! —



—(At the next station).—I can't git that dog-rocketted word th' best I kin do.

THE NEW MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

Prepared expressly for the use of the children in the White House.

Mr. Henry W. Blair
Has a Senatorial chair.
He thinks it's very funny
To spend the people's money.



'Round the House, 'round the
House,
But very seldom get into the
House.
(The answer to this riddle is,
BRAINS.)



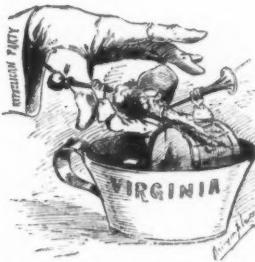
Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman controlled by a boss.
Cash in her fingers,
And a ring in her nose,
She follows her master wherever he goes.



"Here stands a post."
"Who put it there?"
"A bigger man than you;
Touch it if you dare!"

Jacky's a duffer, Jacky's a jay,
Jacky shall have a new master.
Jacky shall have but a penny a day
If he don't cut 'em off any faster!

Ho, boddle, boddle!
Claptrap and flapdoodle!
The cow jumped over the moon.
Monopoly laughed
To see the great graft,
While the dish got away with the spoon.



I have a little Rebel,
No bigger than my thumb.
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bade him drum.
(And that's all the good it did.)

The man in the White House asked me to say,
How many Democrats are in office to-day.
I answered him truthfully, I have no doubt, —
"As many as there are Harrisons out!"



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the protection of the high tariff men
Can never put Humpty together again.



Mr. John Wanamaker sat in a corner
With a big political pie.
He put in \$400,000 at a clip,
And drew out a Postmaster-Generalship,
And said: "I'm a nice specimen of a
Sunday-school superintendent, ain't I?"

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

THE COURT.—Well, Mr. McGonigle, what's
your occupation?

THE BONDSMAN.—Ex-Assemblyman.

THE COURT.—What?

THE BONDSMAN.—Oh, I forgot, yure Aner;
saloon-keeper; but it's all the same thing.

THE VILLAGE OF GOTHAM.
STRANGER (*in New York*).—Will you please
tell me what street this is?

OLD NEW YORKER.—Look at the lamp-post
—oh! I forgot; let's step in this store and ask!

HAD BRYANT lived in these days he would have
written, instead of "The Flood of Years,"
"The Year of Floods."

WHEN A BOYCOTTER heaves bricks through a
plate-glass window, it gives the general
public a lofty idea of the dignity of labor.

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a
guarantee of its excellence.

NO NEED TO PARTICULARIZE.

"Your address, please."
"John J. Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa."
"Street and number, please."
"Oh, that is n't needed. I received a letter
with my street and number on it last year,
and since then they know my address at the
Post-office."

CANDID.

CUSTOMER.—How is venison now?
BUTCHER.—Venison is n't deer, now.
CUSTOMER.—That's what I thought. Give
me some veal.

YOU HAVE all met the man who answers the
remark, "It's fine weather overhead," by
saying, "Yes, but we're not going that way."
He is the person who always goes out in a driving
rain-storm with a big umbrella, but no
overshoes.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure
Prompt and Effective. Large Box 34; small 14 Pills. At druggists. 748

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Fred. Brown's
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CHOLERA MIXTURE.
PRESERVED TARAXACUM JUICE.
MUTTER'S COUGH SYRUP.
BITTER WINE OF IRON.
COOPER'S ANTI-BILIOITS PILLS.
CHAPMAN'S ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.
WISTAR'S COUGH LOZENGES, (ORIGINAL PRESCRIPTION).
MRS. HARVEY'S COUGH SYRUP.
DENTIFRICE, IN BOTTLES.
DENTIFRICE, IN TIN CANISTERS, FOR TRAVELERS.
ARABIAN RACAMOUT, IN CONVENIENT BOTTLES.
CAMPBORATED CHALK DENTIFRICE.
FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC POWDER.
AROMATIC TINCT. MYRRH.
WINE OF BEEF AND IRON.

These Preparations are all manufactured with
great care, from the best and most carefully selected
materials; many of them are Prescriptions of eminent
Physicians, and have been used and prescribed
for a long series of years. Each Preparation is
warranted to be as represented.

DECKER
BROTHERS'
PIANOS 595

The Finest and Best Razor in the World Is:



Price, \$2.50.

THE
"FOX"

(5-12 size.) in $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{5}{8}$ inch widths.

Full Hollow Ground and Warranted in every respect.
Sold by all the leading Cutlery and Hardware dealers;
on receipt of price mailed free to any address by the
manufacturers,

KOELLER & SCHMITZ CUTLERY CO.,
92 READE ST., NEW YORK.

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FOR BRAIN-WORKERS & SEDENTARY PEOPLE
Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or
Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes
up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scien-
tific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. In-
dorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen,
editors and others now using it. Sold
for ill'd circular, 40 eng. no charge. Prof. 6
Culture, 9 East 14th st., New York. 7

INTELLIGENT MEN wanted to act as our agents.
New plan for selling goods
wanted by every one. Exclusive territory given. Address for particulars,
E. M. KENYON, Secy', 142 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

You Can Not
cure every Case of Baldness,
BUT YOU CAN

in many cases prevent it.

One of the principal causes of Baldness is Dandruff,
with its accompanying peace-destroying Itching and
consequent Scratching.

Shampooing with PACKER'S TAR SOAP al-
ways itching, prevents or cures Dandruff, and promotes
a healthful growth of hair. Its use is a luxury, leaving
the Skin delightfully smooth, soft, elastic and healthful.
25 cents. Druggists.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton Street, New York.
Sample ($\frac{1}{4}$ Cake) 10c. Stamps, if PUCK is mentioned.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warehouses: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1818 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

LAREDO, TEXAS.

THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT.

LAREDO possesses an excellent climate for invalids and consumptives.

The City is situated 60 feet above the Rio Grande River, and 600 feet above sea level, only few hours ride by rail from the Mexican Gulf, and near famous hot springs of Topo Chico, Monterey, Mexico.

The South-east Gulf breeze which prevails throughout the year is dry, balmy and invigorating. No swampy or marshy land within hundreds of miles. No malaria or infectious diseases exist. Fruits, including the grape, fig, banana and orange thrive to perfection in the open air all the year 'round. Ice and snow are unknown. LAREDO has excellent hotel accommodations, electric lights, water-works, electric motor street railways, and all other modern conveniences, good public and private schools, and churches of all the leading denominations.

LAREDO is growing rapidly, and is now the largest port of entry and export on the Mexican frontier. Imports and exports for October over \$1,000,000. Laredo has inexhaustible coal mines in operation, abundance of raw materials, ample water power, plenty of cheap labor and first-class market. City offers land within city limits valued at \$100,000 as donations to manufacturing enterprises. The rapid development of the territory tributary to LAREDO, and the increasing business with the Republic of Mexico offers splendid opportunities to Merchants, Manufacturers, Professional men, etc., to engage in business enterprises at LAREDO. Address,

THE LAREDO IMPROVEMENT COMPANY,
742 LAREDO, TEXAS.

15 LOW-PRICED TYPEWRITER

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., POPE MFG. CO., Makers of Columbia Cycles, Boston, New York, Chicago.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.



W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
*Is absolutely pure and
it is soluble.*
No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. 133

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

WEIS & CO.,



Manufacturers of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker Street, and Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes and

Bowls made up in newest designs. Catalogue free. Please mention PUCK.

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A YOUNG man writes to inquire, "Does a college education pay?" No, it makes the old man pay.—Ex.



French Soups
FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.

"The Average Cook sets 'little store by soup.' If the family insist upon having it occasionally she makes it under verbal or dumb protest, *with the grease on*. The oils she conceives to be 'essential' to strength and nourishment, swim in flotillas of globules upon the muddy deeps within the tureen." This little scrap of accurate description is from an article by Marion Harland on soup-making. She says that we know how to make soup. If you care to ask for it by postal or otherwise, we will gladly send the article, which we have printed and illustrated.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consomme, Mullagatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Clam Broth.

* Send us 14 cents to help pay express and receive a sample can, your choice.

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*You press the
button,
we do the rest."*

Seven new Styles and Sizes
ALL LOADED WITH Transparent Films.
For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Send for Catalogue.

SUDDEN BACKSLIDING.
FOND MAMA.— You have always been a good boy at school, but I hear that to-day you were so bad that the teacher kept you in at recess.

LITTLE BOY.— No use bein' good to-day, 'cause my new shoes was so tight I could n't play if I went out.— *New York Weekly.*

THE GOOD OLD STOCK.

MRS. LUMKINS (*reading the financial page*).— What are stock quotations, any way? MR. L.— Stock quotations? Those from Shakspeare.— *Lawrence Daily American.*

A half wine glass of Angostura Bitters before meals will restore the appetite. Manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

BLOOKER'S

BLOOKER'S DUTCH COCOA is manufactured in Holland, (Amsterdam) of the choicest and ripest cocoa beans only. It is absolutely unadulterated. All indigestible fats are removed in its manufacture.

Absolute cure for Dyspepsia. Instantly made with boiling water or milk.

If your grocer hasn't it, send his name and address with yours and the price and receive a package, post free.

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ENNIS

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Good morning

*"Paris
Exposition,
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Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world. *Highest possible distinction.*

COMPLEXION POWDER

Is an absolute necessity of a refined toilet in this climate

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COMPLEXION POWDER

Combines every element of beauty and purity.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE
No TROUBLE, NO BOILING, THE GREATEST INVENTION OF
EVERY THE AGE. HAVE IT, POWDERED, AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
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Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Particulars free
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LITTLE DICK.— Ma, may I go swimming?— *New York Weekly.*

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HITHERTO PATIENT BOARDER.—Mrs. Starvem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince-pie, I draw the line.—*Exchange*.

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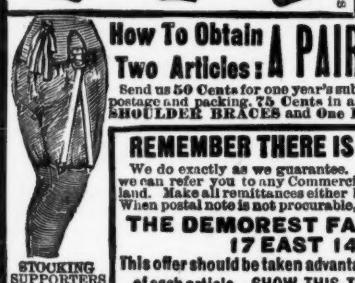
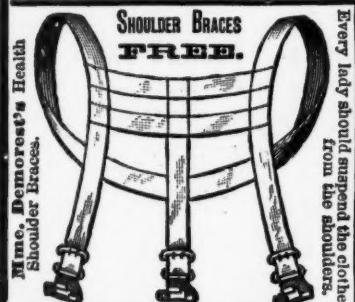
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PRACTICAL MOTHER.—Yes; and if I had n't put my veto on those dressmakers, she would have been out a good deal further than she is.—*New York Weekly*.

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SECOND MAN.—I have plenty now; but I knew Smith was going to ask me for a dollar.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

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MISS McFLIMSEY (*who wants to get a pair of gloves for a male friend*).—Have you any gentlemen's gloves?

NEW CLERK (*glancing at her hand*).—No, Miss; but I think I can find a ladies' size that will fit you.—*New York Weekly*.

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SMYTHE.—The big Sunday newspapers.—*Norristown Herald*.

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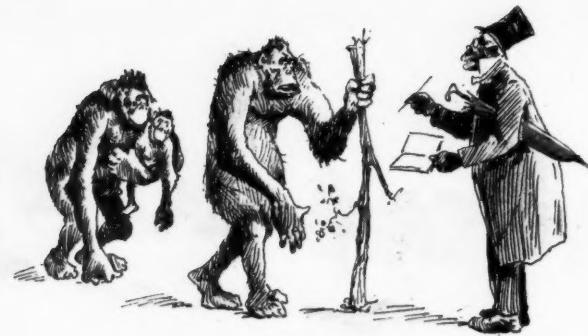
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REV. MR. PETERS (formerly pastor of the First Colored Methodist Church, of Darkville, Miss.).—Excuse me, sah, I'se collectin' a fund foh ter build a chu'ch foh mah congregation; what kin I put yo' an' yo' famby down fo'?



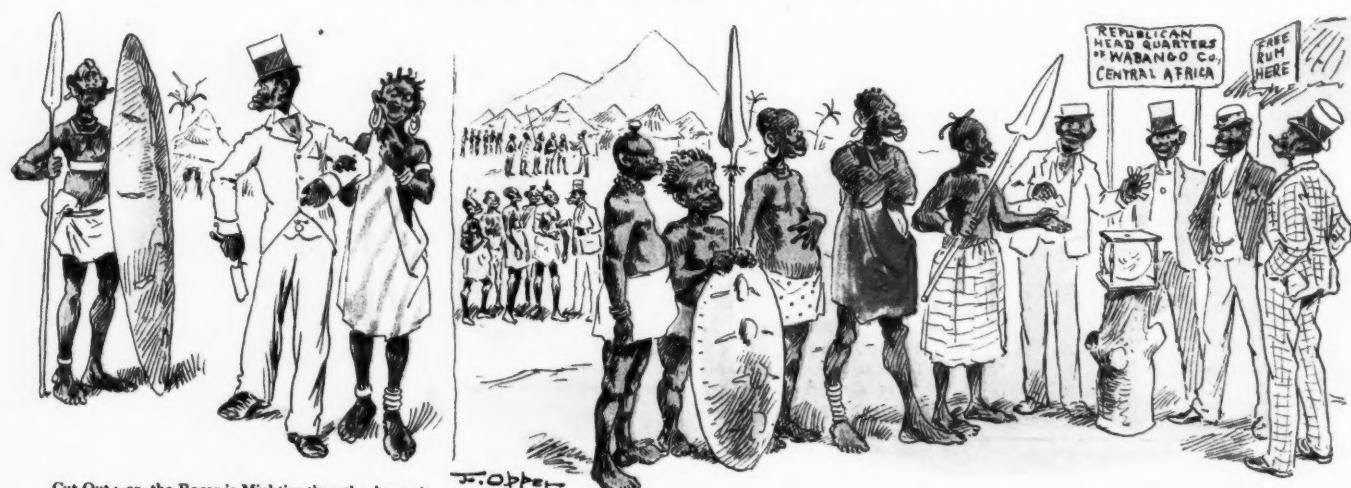
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